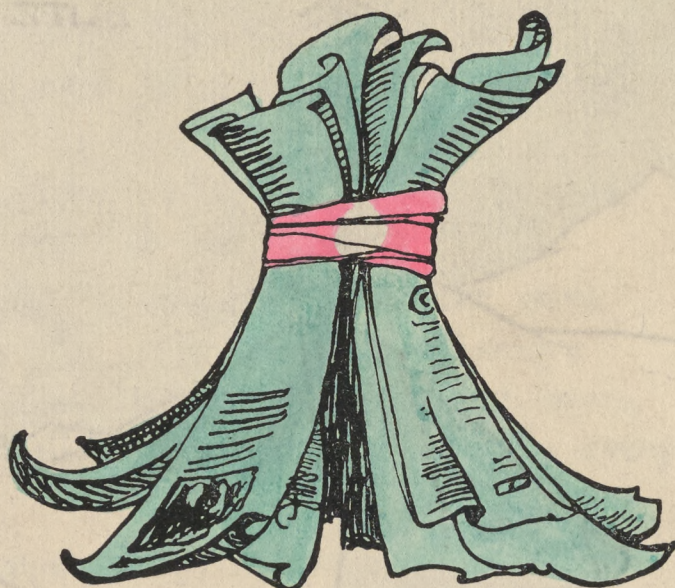


The Green Sheaf



My *Sheaf* is small . . . but it is green.
 I will gather into my *Sheaf* all the young fresh things I can—
pictures, verses, ballads, of love and war; tales of pirates
and the sea. You will find ballads of the *old world* in my
Sheaf. Are they not green for ever . . .
 Ripe ears are good for *bread*, but green ears are good for *pleasure*.

The next number of *The Green Sheaf* will contain Poems by ALIX EGERTON, EVELYN GARNAUT SMALLEY, and ELEANOR VICOCQ WARD.

Pictures by DOROTHY P. WARD, PAMELA COLMAN SMITH, and REGINALD RIGBY.

As a Supplement there will be a Dream by the late FREDERICK YORK POWELL, a Memoir by Dr. JOHN TODHUNTER, and also a reproduction of a Pencil Portrait by JOHN B. YEATS.

The Green Sheaf School of Hand-Colouring has opened a Shop at No. 3 Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge, London, S.W., and notices of all publications issued by them will be sent to all *Green Sheaf* Subscribers.

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The Green Sheaf



The Pine Tree speaks—

*High rooted above beasts and men,
I speak: none answers me again.*

*Too lonely and too proud my state:
I wait: what is that I wait?*

*Too near me hangs the cloudy vault:
I wait the lightning's first assault.*

The Green Sheaf

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

THE wind is softly sighing round the house,
Tapping with gentle finger on the pane,
The scuttering footsteps of a tiny mouse
Rise in the distance and depart again.

A bird turns in its nest beneath the eaves
And twitters as it falls again to sleep ;
Two roses kiss beneath the sheltering leaves,
An owl floats overhead with noiseless sweep.

A grasshopper chirps in the field below,
A moth goes fluttering round your bedroom wall,
Night's silence and her voices come and go,
Her mystery and magic, on you fall.

All this you hear, but yet, alas, no more,
Although my heart is beating at your door.

Alix Egerton.



The Green Sheaf

EVENING.

EVENING with breezes that revive my memories ;
Evening, my refuge where my sighing eyes hurry to meet with the
stars !
All the leaves and flowers drop their tired brows in Evening's purple
breath.
Lo ! Adams and Eves turn their footsteps toward their homes.
I alone wait for the Moon's ascent, longing to see my own shadow—
My one wooer in the whole world.

Yone Noguchi.

MUGEN.

(WITHOUT WORDS.)

I GATHERED the carnations and roses—an April day—
(O, flowers and Spring !)
I trod the road to the nightingale's nest,
And I met a poet underneath the shade—
(O, Spring and Poet !)
I offered him the flowers, and poetry I begged him to speak :
The flowers he smelled, to the sky sent his golden eyes,
And to me he smiled—
(O smile vapping around my soul !)
In purple forgetfulness I lost me,—in bliss.
Smile ? Nay, Spring ! Nay, Universe ! Nay, Poetry !
By and by, the poet and I trod with the moon
(O Poet, I and the moon !)
Along the road of the zephyr,
Away, we three.

Yone Noguchi.

The Green Sheaf



THE TOWN.

O DEARY me how idle is
This great and weary town.
For people talk and never do
As they go up and down.

P. C. S.

The Green Sheaf

AITHNE.

LET me rest here where silence crowns old days,
Laying invisible kingdoms at our feet.
I have grown strange to my own self of late ;
The colour of life, all sounds, all light and air,
Have wrought a swift enchantment of unrest,
Filling my heart with fire more fierce than war ;
So that it yearns for twilight and dim space,
The flowing of sleepy rivers by grey shores
Where wanderers lose both hope and memory,
For thoughts like flowers wait beneath the moon,
Stirred by the breath of every passing mood,
Until the darkness like a great black rose
Shall fold its petals round their quietness.

DERMID.

SEE how the snows lie white kissed by the moon,
Clothing the earth in Druid fantasies.
The trees forget that it was ever day :
Each glittering bough is overlaid with frost ;
While a light wind blows through the mist-hung plains,
As though the breath of Beauty filled the world
And all men's hearts with hidden sweet desire.
Above, no smallest wave or ripple of cloud
Disturbs the deep, where, out of fathomless calm,
Untroubled stars look on the troubled world,
As though the eyes of Beauty watched afar
To fill vain hearts with noble images.

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf

THE NAMELESS ONES.

THROUGH the stately Mansions of Endeavour
Blow the winds, the tameless winds, of wild desire ;
And the Mansions in their fashion change for ever,
Replying to the sighing of the winds of wild desire.

All around the Mansions of Endeavour
Flow the waters, clear and strong, of wild desire ;
And dreams out of their streams are born for ever,
The daughters of the waters, clear and strong, of wild desire.

Deep below the Mansions of Endeavour
Glow the flames, the passionate flames of wild desire ;
And the building-stones, like opals, change for ever
Their hues, while slow they fuze within the flames of wild desire.

For the Nameless Ones come building and destroying,
In the winds, and rushing waters, and fierce flames of wild desire ;
Their passion moulds that music ever changing, never cloying,
Which is life in all the worlds, in man's heart a wild desire.

John Todhunter.

The Green Sheaf

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